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MISERY LOVES COMPANY;—BUT THEY HOPE SOON TO BE OUT OF IT.



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PUCKOGRAPHS.—XCV.

A GOOD DISTRICT ATTORNEY—IF HE LIVES UP TO HIS TALK.

runnin' like that, with a white man sixty rods behind him, looked suspicious, to say the least. They at once concluded the nigger was wanted. So they stopped him and took the halter off of the hoss and actually strung the feller up to a tree. Hank finally came up and informed them of their error; and, of course, bein' chivalrous men, they let the man down and he speedily recovered. But, sir, it hain't hardly judicious for a nigger to be seen runnin' very fast in these days when American chivalry is perfectin' itself against the inferior race."

AFTER THE PARADE.

MRS. CASEY (*admiringly*).—Faith, yer apparence must hav attracted attintion an' gev roise to raymar-ik!

CASEY.—It did! Oi licked the mon in less nor foive minutes!

ILLUSION.

"You have fattened off the people!" we cried, angrily.

The Tiger looked deeply hurt.

"You do me wrong!" protested he. "It's the way my stripes run. They give me the look of being fat when I am not!"

Here we deemed it only fair to warn him that we were no ordinary reformers, and would brook no sophistries.

IT IS doubtful if the European concert would have lasted so long were it not that the performers are more or less nervous about facing the music.



A RACE AFFAIR.

"Yes," remarked the grocer in the sleepy southern town; "we did have a little excitement yesterday afternoon for a spell. We had a foot-race between Hank Spudds, our local sprinter, and a nigger champion from Pin Hook."

"Indeed?" replied the affable drummer. "I should hardly think such an affair would create much commotion."

"It would n't ordinarily; but, you see, it was this way: Hank heard the nigger braggin' about his speed and challenged him to a friendly little contest, to take place as soon as the parties could get ready. Well, in a few minutes, before many folks knew of it, they was all ready to start. They was goin' to run down the road east for one mile. I gave the signal to start, and both of them jumped ahead like scared tomcats. The nigger flew like the wind—left Hank 'way behind. The nigger had purty near finished the mile when he met some fellers leadin' a hoss. They did n't know what was goin' on; but, seein' a nigger

runnin' like that, with a white man sixty rods behind him, looked suspicious, to say the least. They at once concluded the nigger was wanted. So they stopped him and took the halter off of the hoss and actually strung the feller up to a tree. Hank finally came up and informed them of their error; and, of course, bein' chivalrous men, they let the man down and he speedily recovered. But, sir, it hain't hardly judicious for a nigger to be seen runnin' very fast in these days when American chivalry is perfectin' itself against the inferior race."

WHYLE YE WYNDE HOWLES.

YE MARCH wynde blowes wyt mighte ande maine,
Ye branches tappe ye windowe Payne,
Ande eke tho Wynter's onne ye wane
He maykes hys goinge boisterous.
We mende ye fyre ande putte onne coales,
Lean backe ande toaste oure slipper soles,
Ye whyle we drinke from steaminge bowles,
For cheere ande conforte cloister us.

We heare weirde notes of fyfe and flute,
Ye pickinge of Aeolus' lute,
Ande trombones seeme to snorte and toote
Lyke music demons ryoting.
Oure sympathie is wyt ye wighte,
Yt knowes notte shelter ys rawe nighte;
Butte, punche abrewe and fyre alighte,
Such thoughts are notte disquietinge.

So fille ye mugges and lette us toaste
Goode Fortune! May she doe her moste
Yt eache of us may fille hys poste
Wyt liberal urbanity;
Ande thenne if she have anny more
Thanne we maye neede stille inne her store
Itt myght be used dyscreetlie for
Ve reste of poore humanite.

Wood Levette Wilson.



AS ONE might remark: O Civilization! what land-grabbing is perpetrated in thy name!

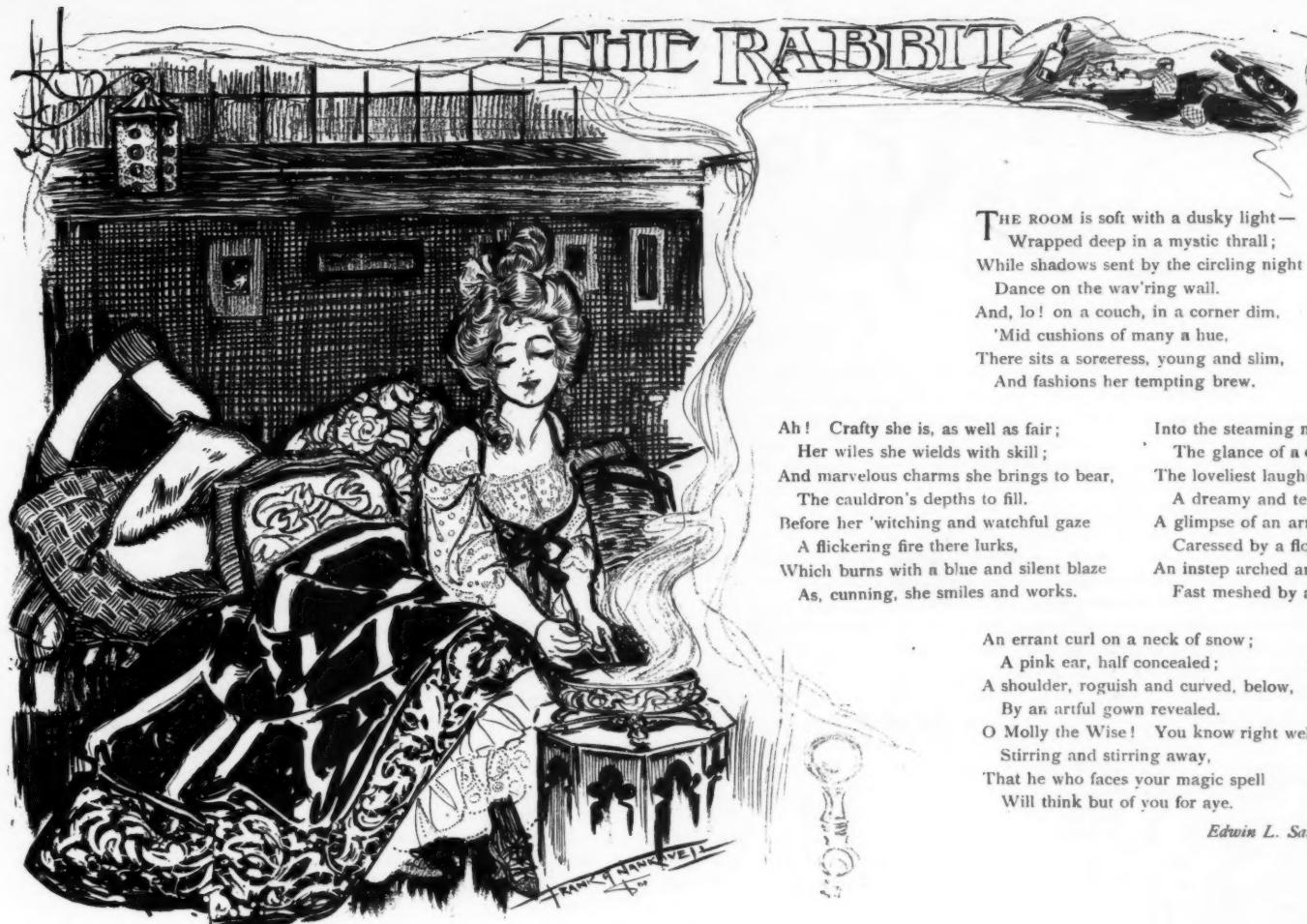
THE REAL Chinese crisis will come when the Allies begin issuing ultimata to one another.



A WORK OF ART.

MR. FROG.—Pardon, Miss Froglette, but I admire your fan! May I ask who decorated it?

MISS FROGLETTE.—Certainly. It was painted by the celebrated French artist, Monsieur d' Omelette, in Paris last Summer.



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TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER.



"ENRY, I want you to go away!"

Mrs. Von Blumer put her arm half-way around her husband's neck and looked down into his face with an expression of mingled love, determination, regret and self-sacrifice. "You don't look as well as you did," she continued, "and I think a change would do you good."

Von Blumer looked at his wife in some surprise. "It's all very well to talk of going away," he said, "but I can not do it just now. In the first place, I can not leave my business; and, besides, I can't afford to take the whole family away on any trip at this season of the year."

Mrs. Von Blumer stopped him with an impatient gesture.

"My dear," she said, earnestly, "all this may be true from your standpoint, but your health is the most important thing to consider. Today I happened to see your doctor, and I know from what he said that you need a change. The modern business man's life is too wearing. And, as for me, I would n't think of having you take me with you. It would n't be the best thing for you. No, you must go alone; and you must go at once! Your face shows that you are not well."

Von Blumer's face began to take on that look of gratification and martyrdom assumed by all of us when the news of our own physical shortcomings is broken. He coughed slightly.

"I don't know but you are right," he said, somewhat more feebly than he was wont to speak. "I've been so busy that I have n't had time to think of myself; but now that you refer to the mat-

ter, may be a little change would do me good. I've applied myself so closely that I had no chance to notice how run-down I was becoming. You are undoubtedly right, my dear."

"It would not only do you good," replied his wife, "but I regard it as an absolute necessity. You must get ready to go at once."

Von Blumer smiled an anticipatory smile, and almost forgot that he was not a well man, as he jumped up, went over to the bookcase and got down an old guide-book. "Yes," he said; "I suppose I shall have to submit to the inevitable and arrange matters to get off for a couple of weeks."

* * * * * Twenty-four hours later the same man, but, now, Oh! how different, entered his house, walked upstairs to the sitting-room, where his wife sat crocheting, and, bustling into the room, exclaimed: "Well, my dear, it's all right!"

"What's all right?" asked Mrs. Von Blumer.

"Why, that trip." He pulled out from his pocket a bundle of time-tables and a long railroad ticket.

Mrs. Von Blumer stared at him in speechless astonishment.

"You don't mean to say that you are going away to leave me all alone!" she exclaimed.

"Why, of course," replied her husband. "Did n't you tell me to? Did n't you insist upon it?"

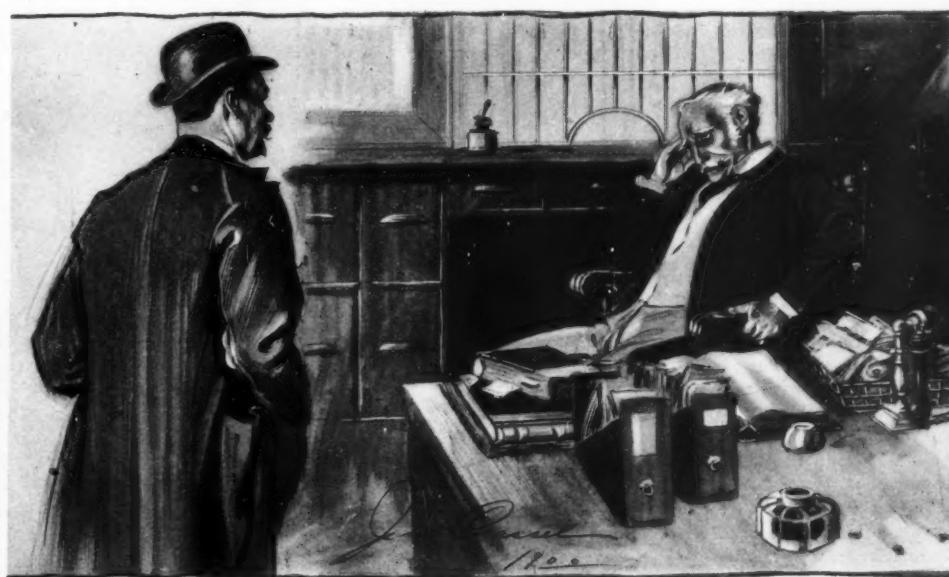
Mrs. Von Blumer drew herself up haughtily, while involuntarily her hand felt for her handkerchief.

"May be I did!" she cried, hotly. "But I did n't suppose for one moment that you would do such a cruel, shameless, hateful, selfish thing!"

Tom Masson.

THE QUESTION NOWADAYS.

FRIEND.—I understand your receiving-teller has skipped out?
BANK PRESIDENT (sadly).—That's what!
FRIEND.—Did he leave much?



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THE ROOM is soft with a dusky light—
Wrapped deep in a mystic thrall;
While shadows sent by the circling night
Dance on the wav'ring wall.
And, lo! on a couch, in a corner dim,
'Mid cushions of many a hue,
There sits a sorceress, young and slim,
And fashions her tempting brew.

Ah! Crafty she is, as well as fair;
Her wiles she wields with skill;
And marvelous charms she brings to bear,
The cauldron's depths to fill.
Before her 'witching and watchful gaze
A flickering fire there lurks,
Which burns with a blue and silent blaze
As, cunning, she smiles and works.

Into the steaming midst is stirred
The glance of a curtained eye;
The loveliest laughter ever heard;
A dreamy and tender sigh;
A glimpse of an arm all dimly sweet,
Caressed by a flowing sleeve;
An instep arched and an ankle neat
Fast meshed by a silken weave.

An errant curl on a neck of snow;
A pink ear, half concealed;
A shoulder, roguish and curved, below,
By an artful gown revealed.
O Molly the Wise! You know right well,
Stirring and stirring away,
That he who faces your magic spell
Will think but of you for aye.

Edwin L. Sabin.



THE LADY MINSTRELS.

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"**A**S I FIGGER IT OUT," philosophically observed the old janitor, "one of the two prime reasons why the Lady Minstrels pack the Opery House whenever they come to town is b'cuz we are expectin' 'em to shock our morals; they never do; but we always have the sneakin' hope that the comin' company will be worse than the last — man never is, but always to be, blest, as the poet once got off. The other reason is the left-handed but effective advertisin' invariably given 'em by the worthy but parboiled — I mean, purblind — ladies of the W. C. T. U.

"All men, down deep in their hearts, have a peevish yearnin' to be rakes and such like, and when their attention is called, by the W. C. T. U., to the fact that on show-night the reekin', red-hot hinges of hell are to be removed from their accustomed place and applied to the door of the Opery House, and all who enter there leave hope behind, and the lips that touch wine shall never touch their'n, and so forth, they perk up amazin'ly, and even wild horses hitched to 'em with log-chains could n't drag 'em back from the ticket-office; and so the house is packed from Alphabet to Omaha, and the Hebrew gentleman

who owns the show and knows human nature like a book grins to himself like a chessy-cat. He don't rejoice enough to raise salaries any, bein' as the Hebrews ain't built after that loose and careless style of architecture, but he feels satisfied enough so's he don't cut 'em down; and I've noticed that times are mighty good with a Jew when he ain't screechin' around about their bein' awful.

"But, now, the most of the badness of the Lady Minstrels is in the minds of the people that condemn 'em without

knowin' what they are talkin' about, and them that are sneakin'ly lookin' for a chance to be shocked. *Noty Beany*, as the feller says, they never are. The worst I've ever seen about the Lady Minstrels is that they can't act, to any great extent. They just copy the minstrel men in a weak and feminine way, and that's all there is to it. The jokes are mild and soothin', and would n't bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the most delicate fabric, and ain't half as warmin' as the neighborhood gossip retailed at the average sewin' circle when it meets at the deacon's house; and the costumes are never near as interestin' as some of the corset advertisements we see every day in the *Immaculate Monthly* of Ladieshomejournalville, as I once heard a ribald drummer call it.

"The abandoned orgies of the green room are like angels' visits and hens' teeth — there ain't any such place as a green room, except in stories, and about the most salacious thing I've ever seen any of them yeller-haired adventuresses do was to sit and work tattin' and try to figger out when they were goin' to get their salaries. None of 'em have ever tried to entice me further than to call me 'Pop'; and the only time any of 'em ever got gay with me was when one giddy damsel, as they call 'em in romances, asked me for a pinch of my whiskers to make a cigarette with. And I've learned that the most of 'em have folks at home that they try to skimp enough out of their meagre salaries to send a little money to now and then. Oh, yes, though, once one of 'em gimme a white powder to take in water, but she did n't rob me of my wallet while I was under the influence of it, and it cured my headache, just as she said it would. Nevertheless, the trustin' public goes right on payin' admission in the hope of bein' degraded, and the Jewish manager continues to

smile like a tabby that has just devoured the canary and feels good over it.

"The only man that I ever knew to be knocked off'm his bias by one of them adventuresses was Adelbert J. Brittle. Delbert J. was bookkeeper in Flicker-sham's bank, next door here. He was a tall, lank, arid feller, who was born thirty-three years old — figgeratively speakin', of course — and apparently remained at that age forever after. He had a prominent Adam's apple, and his knees sort of predominated out in front of him when he walked, as if they contemplated lettin' him sit down at any moment. He had always stalked sedately along in the straight and narrow way, attendin' the Y. M. C. A. one night in the week, the Readin' Circle one night, dutifully subscribin' to the Lecture Course, and so forth; refrainin' from dances and high five, and otherwise caterin' to the dictates of his own conscience till the still small voice within must have sounded as sonorous to him as the strains of a nigger brass-band. His only sin consisted in fallin' down and

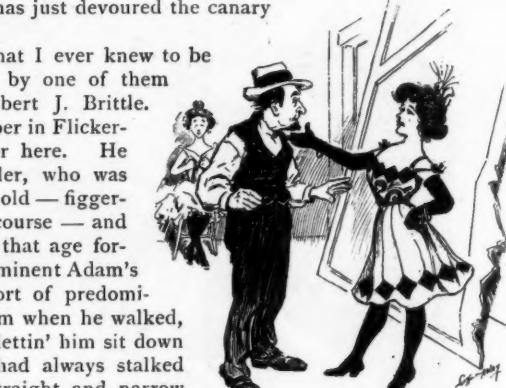


QUITE UNNECESSARY.

MOTHER.—I hope you don't let him kiss you?

DAUGHTER.—Oh, no! He's so strong and determined it's not necessary to let him.

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PUCK.



idolatrously worshippin' his own stomach and offerin' sacrifices to it in the form of health foods, and such as that, till, to exaggerate a trifle, he was so dry that he rattled like a bag of Autumn leaves when he walked. The girls all considered him a model young man—and, bein' girls, went with the other fellers. I hardly think, though, that 'Delbert J. ever realized that he was n't in it, for it is n't probale that he had ever experienced a sensation of any kind in all his life, till the Lady Minstrels that I'm speakin' of came along and jolted him up.

"It was like this: He had finished his forenoon's work and come out of the bank to find himself stopped by the people that had clumb up on the steps to see the band, which at that moment came swirlin'

around the corner. First came the lady drum-major—she was noways as good as a man, but she swung her batton medium well—and then followed the players, blowin' and beatin' to the best of their ability, while the whole population of the town stood and gapped. I don't s'pose 'Delbert J. had ever known till then that there was a show of any kind in town; but, hemmed in as he was, he could n't very well help but stop and witness the parade.

"He gazed down upon 'em from his perch on the top step without an apparent emotion of any kind till they had almost passed, and then it happened. Some of the ladies had faces that you could almost split kindlin'-wood with, and on the countenances of some of the others you could pretty near break a rock without disarrangin' their features, but the little snare-drummer—Well, she had a red head, and you know how it is with red-headed girls; generally they are so homely that you want to yell for help when you meet 'em; but when they happen to be pretty they are so enticin' that you want to grab 'em. When their red hair is all crinkles andcurls it makes 'em plenty spicy and pick-want, and don't you forget it! And this little snare-drummer was that way—she was as plump as a pin-cushion, and had a kissy-lookin' mouth, and a few rascally freckles on

her tip-upped nose, and a wicked little twinkle in her eyes, and her short, switchy skirts revealed two of the kickin'est, daintiest-turned—er-h'm!—limbs I 'most ever witnessed.

"Well, and just as she got even with him she looked up and beheld poor 'Delbert J., with his long, solemn neck stickin' up above everybody else's like a camelopard pickin' dates off'm a pa'am-tree, and the red-headed little tyke caught his eye and saucily winked at him. I don't s'pose she meant anything but a josh, but she did n't know what kind of raisin' 'Delbert J. had had. The poor feller's molecules rubbed against each other till the friction struck fire, and his cheeks burned with the first blush that had ever lit up his bran-stuffed body durin' the whole of his life.

"Natural enough, you expect that he went to the Opery House that night and to the dogs later. But, no! His degradation was n't as great as all that, though it was bad enough, in all conscience, considerin' that he was 'Delbert J. He did n't eat much dinner or supper—somehow, for the first time in years, his health foods, his milted malk, his dog-biscuits, and so forth, did n't seem to touch the right spot. He made three mistakes in his accounts durin' the afternoon, something he had never done before; and after supper he soaked his feet in hot water and drank a lot of steamin' ginger-tea. And as he sipped and soaked he said to the young man who roomed with him—spoke out suddenly after a long silence, without givin' any reason for the peculiar remark—that he had a strange feelin' as if somehow he had never been alive. His room-mate did n't know what he meant by that; perhaps he did n't know, himself.

"But, anyhow, that's the only case I have ever known of anybody bein' harmed by the Lady Minstrels; and, somehow, I kinder think that Adelbert J. Brittle was n't any worse off for his experience."



Tom P. Morgan.

IN MISSOURI.

"But," objected the ordinary train robber, "this express package which you design to take will be sent through on Sunday, and the laws of Missouri make it a misdemeanor to do business on the Sabbath day."

"Very true," replied the captain of the band. "But I have taken legal counsel, and I am assured that the intent of the law will not be violated if we devote a percentage of our receipts to charity."

COMPENSATION.

"Baffled again!" said the detective. "Baffled again!"

But he coolly lit a cigar.

"After all," he said, "I don't mind being baffled at so much per day."

THE NEW HIGH HAT AND THE ASSISTED SEARCH.

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JAYSON.—By Jove! This new hat is a stunner. With my new Prince Albert and this new hat, I will cut a dash at church to-day.



"Confound it all! There goes that collar button again. I told Mary the button-holes in this shirt were too large."

HE KNEW.

LITTLE LEMUEL (*who has stumbled over an unaccustomed word in his reading*).—Uncle Jotham, what is a subsidy?

FARMER FLINTROCK.—It's the money that the Gov'ment gives ye if you are rich.

PUNISHMENT.

FRIEND.—I heard a story about a wicked man who played golf on Sunday—"

GOLFER.—And what happened to him?

FRIEND.—He foozled.

MODEST.

MR. JOHNSING.—So yo' want to marry mah daughtah, eh? What am yo' prospects?

THE SUITOR.—Well, I ain't got no title to lib up to.



"Now, where did it go? Mary! Mary! Come in quick, and help me hunt for this collar button. It is your fault, anyhow."



MRS. JAYSON (*rushing to his assistance*).—All right, dear.



"? — ! — !"



GOT USED TO IT BY THIS TIME.

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AUNT MARTHA.—I see in the paper that the original Uncle Tom has just died at Passhogtome, Maine.

UNCLE EPHRIAM.—Well, now, if that chap suffers very much each time he dies I tell you he hain't had no snap for the last thirty years!

EN DESHABILLE.

MY LADY breathes a restful sigh—
All laces now are rent;
She, at her ease, may wear again
The *deshabille* of Lent.

The dainty slippers, foreign wrought,
With toe-points upward bent,
The loose kimono's graceful folds,
Are just the things for Lent.

In rosy boudoir where the air
Speaks of the rose's scent,
On rich divan, 'mid pillows soft,
My Lady's keeping Lent.

A prayer-book's on the table near
To show her good intent,
But her fair hand a novel holds
Most of the time of Lent.

Through forty days of quietude
My Lady's quite content
To rest—while Easter gowns
are made—
In *deshabille* of Lent.
Wood Levette Wilson.

THE VALLEY.

We marveled at woman's fortitude as she drew near, in her pilgrimage, to the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"You are not afraid?" said we.

"Oh, dear, no!" said the woman. "Why, the chances are my hair will come out and grow in curly, afterwards!"

And with buoyant tread she pressed on.

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AN AMENDMENT.

"The man who shoots us out of season is to be fined."

"Fin'd? Goodness, Ma! If they really want to stop it, why don't they imprison him for life or electrocute him?"

OMITTED FOR WANT OF SPACE.

HE.—There's something I can't find in this dictionary; — the feminine definition of "cute."

SHE.—Oh! Perhaps the definition is too comprehensive.

HE SAW THE ERROR OF HIS WAY.

"To think," said the missionary, earnestly, "that you should believe in polygamy!"

"Well, between you and me," said the hen-pecked Mohammedian, "I don't!"

NO HALF RATIONS FOR HER.

HE (*desperately in love*).—Don't yo' t'ink two kin lib as cheaply as one?

SHE (*reflectively*).—Ya-as; — but I'd ruthah be de one!

THE SOCIETY MONSTROSITY.

"Those folks in the next flat are awfully pretentious."

"Are they?"

"Yes. She sends her visiting card over—two middle names on it—when she wants to borrow butter."

AN EDITORIAL VIEW.

ASSISTANT.—Here's a man writes to ask how to make farming pay.

EDITOR.—Well, I think, myself, that the only trouble with the farmers is that they don't advertise.



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NOT GENERALLY.

"Has your engagement been announced?"

"Only informally, to a few enemies."

A SHORT ORDER.

THREADBARE TOMMY.—I ordered a suit uv clothes, ter-day.

HUNGRY HANK (*in amazement*).—Yer did?

THREADBARE TOMMY.—Sure! But when de lady called her bulldog I decided ter cancel de order before de dog gimme a fit.

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE BUILDING LAWS.

TALES of municipal corruption that have not the imbecility of the common voter for a basis are like parrot stories without the word "damn" in them: there are none. The average voter regards the state of affairs in New York with a cynical or humorous indifference. That a political machine should work the laws to its own profit he may consider regrettable in an academic way; but he is not stirred by the fact because he has never discovered that he is touched. He knows that the political bosses amass large sums of money, but he entertains the fiction that these sums come out of other pockets than his own. He knows that builders, for a consideration, can violate the building laws; but he does not know that such violations inevitably raise the cost of his own living and increase the chances against his living at all. The last report of the Tenement House Commission disclosed that out of 333 new tenement houses building in the Borough of Manhattan only 15 were found in which there was no violation of the law. In the other boroughs violations were found in all the houses under way. The average voter at this news is politely sympathetic with those that must dwell in the tenements, but he has no notion that his own well-being is involved. Yet the report continues:

"As a result of this lack of light and air we find that the dread disease of pulmonary tuberculosis has become practically epidemic in this city."

So the average voter blithely exposes himself and his family to a scourge more deadly than small-pox. And he will continue to do so and to die in unnecessarily large numbers until he has realized that something more must be applied to his voting than the reasoning power of a yellow dog.

AS TO REFINED FIGHTERS.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON has been harshly criticised for describing in plain terms one of the essential qualifications of an officer in our navy. Most of the criticism has not only been unjust but puerile. His assertion has not been contradicted "that in time of peace the navy's function consists to a certain extent of representing the country abroad," and the most democratic of us will agree that the navy's enlisted men "are recruited from a class who have not had the social advantages that are requisite for a commissioned officer." We can not blink the truth that "the navy's representatives should be men of at least refinement." Furthermore, it

is doubtful if there is an officer at present in the navy with more right to describe the value and urgency of "social advantages" than Admiral Sampson. Himself the son of a day-laborer, in his early youth a fellow day-laborer with his worthy parent, come up from what we call "the lower classes" to a high position and a social bearing that is admirable, he enjoys the privilege of speaking from both sides of the question.

Just possibly, however, the Admiral in an unreflecting moment has overrated the "social function" aspect of our navy. It is important; but not paramount. Even in times of peace it is but seemingly paramount. Lately the navy encountered a couple of functions which were eminently unsocial, and which were conducted in the main by persons technically deft but socially impossible. They were effective in a certain coarse way, but they would have been neither decorative nor melodious at a pink tea. Yet among these low fellows, as Admiral Sampson recognizes, are a few "men of very unusual ability which distinguishes them as perhaps the professional equals of their officers as far as their technical education stands." This being so, should the navy not have a system of promotions under which this unusual ability might be utilized and fitly rewarded,—at least until such time as unusual ability becomes a whole lot more usual than it is now? Admiral Sampson thinks not.

Yet in the civil and army administrations such a procedure has more than justified itself. In the absence of it, for example, the British army would never have been subjected to the embarrassment of a professional encounter with Andrew Jackson. Again, the army man, Grant, was not only unable to sit upon the tails of his dress coat without mussing them, but he never learned to relish macaroons, and was not proficient in the society patois. And Abraham Lincoln was a wretched waltzer. Even in the navy, instances are to be noted where persons unadventurous in the social mysteries have done well as officers. The greatest naval commander in the history of France was a low fisherman who never knew what to do with his hands. But the well-mannered and fastidious French people condoned his uncouthness and were pleased to have him win their battles. And there was John Paul Jones, a common person who materially forwarded American interests on the high seas. Probably he was unable to take soup without conveying the impression that he was trying to inhale it. And probably he did not know how to be refined any more than he knew how to give up the ship.

Rude talents such as these Admiral Sampson would appear to bar from distinction in the navy. But we do him the credit to believe that he was not in a resourceful mood when he wrote that unfortunate letter. A little retrospect upon his own very considerable rise, and the reflection that "what man has done man can do" would have suggested a happy solution of the problem. He would then have recommended that a school of deportment be established for the cutting and polishing of these rough diamonds. Since they have such "unusual ability as to be the equals of their officers as far as their technical education stands," they are surely able to master under expert tutoring those secrets of true refinement and outward grace which the less fortunate Admiral was obliged to pick up for himself. Any floor-walker in a Broadway shop that enjoys much of what is termed "carriage trade" would be admirably fitted to take charge of such a training-school.

PROFITABLE BENEVOLENCE.



"Here, my poor man! I ain'd godt der heart to see anypody go coldt; pud dis on und year it!"



"Ach! Who says der Hebrew haf no heart?"

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THE TENEMENT—A MENACE TO ALL.

NOT ONLY AN EVIL IN ITSELF, BUT THE VICE, CRIME AND DISEASE IT BREEDS INFEST THE HOMES OF RICH AND POOR ALIKE.



PUCK.



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NO ROOM FOR DISPUTE.

"Good morrow, Ladies! Fine weather, is it not?"
"We have not the honor of your acquaintance, sir!"
"Nay; but surely even strangers may agree about the weather!"

WE ALL WONDER.

CUPID.
"OFTEN WONDER," said the Old Codger, with his accustomed acridity, "when I see a meek, sheep-faced, round-shouldered little man, who looks for all the world as if he had been a step-son durin' his unhappy youth and a hen-pecked husband ever since; or a big, paunchy, tub-shaped piggy man, with a dyed moustache, and a general look that would make any ordinary mind-reader holler, 'Hands on your pocket-books!' at the mere sight of him — when I behold such men and am informed that the one is a Supreme Worshipful Magnificent Despot, and the other a Grand High Exalted Mentor, or something equally assonorous and ridiculous, of some Ancient and Honorable Order of Rankitank, or other, I wonder if sometimes they don't wake themselves up in the middle of the night, laughin' at the joke."

CUPID.
He has no trouble keeping Lent;
In fact, his ease abashes;
For, since with flames his year is spent,
He must have lots of ashes.

THE PURSUIT of De Wet
is a good deal like the pursuit of happiness.

IF THE pro-Boers would fight as much as they talk the British army would be annihilated.

CONSIDERING what it has passed through, it is a wonder that "Old Kentucky" did n't die young.

LOVE ALREADY makes the world go round; and it is thought by some that expansion will eventually do as much for the federal patronage.



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APPREHENSION.

"No; I have n't been at the Club lately."
"So they told me. I was afraid something might be wrong — thought you might be married."

EPITAPH.

Here lies ye Victim of La Grippe
Who died eftsoon. Let this suffice:
Forsoothe, less of ye Monster's nippe
Than from hys Friends' advice.

THOUGHT IT WAS "PROTECTION" MONEY.

HOGAN (*with paper*). — Wan stameship, yesterdays, took over three million dollars in goold frum New Yo.k t' Ingland.
HOYLE. — Troth, it's a dumb shame th' amount av good Amiryean coin thot mon Croker is squanderin' over there!

WOULD HELP THEM.

FIRST PROHIBITIONIST. — It might be that a proper suffrage restriction would help our cause.

SECOND PROHIBITIONIST. — I have no doubt it would. If people who drink were not allowed to vote, I think we would have a fighting chance.

THE CHANGE.

"Yes; Subbubs was anxious to sell his property last Summer, but the recent blizzard modified his ideas."

"Modified his ideas?"

"Yes; he's thinking now of giving it away."

FLEETING FAME.

"It's kind of sad to think how soon even the best of us are forgotten when we're gone," said Farmer Knubbs, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper.

"What makes you say so, Jason?" asked his wife.

"Why, the editor of the *Weekly Plaindealer*, who is always tryin' some new scheme, prints here what I'm purty sure is a picture of William Jennings Bryan and offers a prize of a year's subscription to the first person that correctly guesses who 't is."



BENEVOLENCE.

"It is claimed," said his friend, "that you sell your goods in Europe at lower prices than in this country."

"Ah!" said the protected manufacturer. "And what a boon to the pauper laborers of Europe who can not afford to pay American prices!"

THE CONSENSUS of opinion is that Congress will not be in session during the Millennium.

THE BOERS, being a rude, uncultured people, may not be aware that etiquette requires one to bow to the inevitable.

IT IS certainly going to be difficult to treat Porto Rico as one of the family without our infant industries getting the broken nose.

THERE IS a growing possibility that China may give the Allies so much to do that they may have to treat each other as Christians should.

IF CHINA is indeed what she looks like, namely, thirty cents, the concert of Europe, also, will have to be regarded as an artistic rather than a financial success.

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HIS FEARS REALIZED.

THE HORSE.—Oh! I was afraid I'd have a panic and that the darned fool on my back would n't have presence of mind enough to stop me!

THE TIGER HUNT.

Now, at last, it was plain the Tiger's pursuers were gaining upon her.

She will certainly be destroyed!

But, no! The great beast has thrown her two cubs to the hunters, and while the latter are dispatching these she makes good her escape in the thicket.

"This," explained our guide, "is the famous Tiger of Tammany, of which you have doubtless heard. She has sacrificed her two cubs, Vice and Corruption, to save herself. Oh, no! it is no trouble for her to raise cubs!"

We asked the guide if the hunters were actuated by a desire to make an end of the Tiger, or by the love of sport, merely; but of this he professed not to know.

CHAGRIN.

"A joint note from the Powers!" announced the chamberlain, prostrating himself.

The Empress Dowager bit her lip.

"But not a word from Major Pond!" she muttered, illy concealing her chagrin.

IN THE EAST.

Hereupon the Powers fell to pulling hair.

"This is my queue!" protested China, something darkly.

THE BRITISH Lion does n't mind having his tail twisted in time of peace, but it does hurt his feelings to have it done in time of war.



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A SURE THING.

MISS JOHNSON.—How kin I win Jim Jackson's love?

SOOTHSAYER.—Why, ev'ry time he calls yo' must go out and get a pitcher of beer and put a little o' dis love-powder in it, and den tell him to help himself to de beer. De more he drinks de more he'll love yo'; it's simply infallible!

THE ROOT.

The W. C. T. U. had now wrecked fourteen drug stores. "Very good!" we observed. "But this does not go to the root of the matter. There still remains the demand for liquor!"

The W. C. T. U. started violently.

"You are right!" they exclaimed. "How stupid of us not to have thought of that! Of course, the thing to do is to muzzle the rattlesnakes!"

Which shows that temperance people are not necessarily devoid of reason.

FLOCKS OF FANTASIES.

HICKS.—Yes; Wilkins is a mind-reader. You know Hilarum, the crazy man? Well, the other day he was crazier than usual and then got drunk, to boot. And we set Wilkins to work reading his mind.

WICKS.—Must have been interesting.

HICKS.—Interesting? Wilkins said it was just like reading a Sunday paper.

INCIDENTALLY, the troubles in China have resulted in a first-class advertisement for Confucius.



Buffet Cocktails

and
Cordials
Awarded
GOLD MEDAL
(Highest Prize)
Paris Exposition over
all competition.
Rheinstrom, Bettman,
Johnson & Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Remington does not overwork
the operator—the operator
cannot overwork the Remington.

WORK
is
easy
on
the
Remington
Typewriter
for both the operator
and the machine

GRAND PRIX, PARIS, 1900,
OUTRANKING ALL MEDALS

THE PLOWMAN.

The sailor gayly plows the sea.

"What does he raise," you ask?
He hopes to raise a subsidy
Ere he completes his task.

—Washington Star.

BROWN.—What does your friend do
for a living?

BLACK.—He follows the medical
profession.

BROWN.—Oh! I was n't aware that
he was a physician.

BLACK.—He is n't. He's an under-
taker.—Norristown Herald.



Some people think that
Evans' Stout is
ONLY for persons who
have lost their health;—
they are wrong;
Evans' Stout is as
much for people
who wish to retain
their good health
as it is for those
who have lost it.

Brewed for past 115 Years.
O. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

SOME people would rather have fifty
cents'-worth of sympathy than a dollar
in cash.—Atchison Globe.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom in Greater New York.
5th Ave., cor. 23d St.

THE evening dress of the Chicago man is not complete unless it has a gun pocket.—*Washington Post.*

A pretty young lady, whose name is well known. From acute indigestion, most sorrow had grown; But she took Ripans Tabules, and now her friends state That in health and good looks her improvement is great.

The Improved **BOSTON GARTER**
The Standard for Gentlemen
ALWAYS EASY
The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.
The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sample pair, Silk 50c.
Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.



Alois P. Swoboda teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever, and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

Absolutely Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Nervous Exhaustion . . . and revitalizes the whole body. . .

Pupils are of both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition, individual instructions are given in each case. Write at once, mentioning PUKE, for full information and convincing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 57 Washington St., CHICAGO.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
One in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1901 Bicycle. **BEST MAKES**
1901 Models, \$10 to \$18
'99 & '00 Models, high grade, \$7 to \$12.
500 Second-hand Wheels
all makes and models, good as new, \$8 to \$12. Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory price. We ship anywhere on approval and ten days credit without a cent in advance.
EARN A BICYCLE distributing Catalogues for us. We have a wonderful proposition to Agents for 1901. Write at once for our Bargain List and Special Offer. Address Dept. 148 P.
MEAD OYOLE 00., Chicago

A BOILING indigestion against sin is no good if it stops short of making steam to do good work.—*Ram's Horn.*

WHEN the preacher asks if any one objects to the marriage, something of a disappointment is felt by the audience because no one gets up.—*Atchison Globe.*

Established 1823. WILSON WHISKEY. That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.



MARCH 17TH, A. M.

MRS. HOGAN.—It's a Beau Broomil yez are ento-relly! Now, be sure an' kin home wid a whole shkin.

HOGAN.—Me shkin don't cut any oice—it'll grow agin. Iv Oi kin save me new silk hot Oi'll be sathisfoied.

An after-theater thought, a bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne, and then "sweet sleep."

Lassitude and languor give way to energy and strength when you stimulate the body with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine.

USELESS.

"I'd like to run for office," He said in accents low;
But what's the use, pray tell me,
Good friends, of doing so?
For if I had the money
To pay for a campaign
I could retire in luxury,
And never work again."
—*Washington Star.*

HE.—I like your sister's voice immensely.

SHE.—Yes; I noticed last night in the parlor you got as close to it as possible.—*Yonkers Statesman.*


Vartray Ginger Ale
In competition with the leading manufacturers of the world, including Belfast, Ire., at the Paris Exposition, 1900, was awarded the **GOLD MEDAL**.
That being the only and highest award given a Ginger Ale, in a class numbering 611 exhibitors.
On sale at Clubs, Hotels, Cafes and by Leading Purveyors.

MADE BY
THE VARTRAY WATER COMPANY
BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

Winter excursion tickets now on sale to Southern Pines and Pinehurst, N. C., the home of the long leaf pine, by the Seaboard Air Line Railway. N. Y. Offices, 1206 Broadway.


HIGHEST POWER
CLEAREST DEFINITION
NEATEST FORM
Guaranteed for 10 years
Awarded the gold Medal
PARIS 1900
FLAMMARION OPERA GLASS
FIELD GLASS
SCIENTIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED UNDER THE PATRONAGE
OF THE CELEBRATED ASTRONOMER
See That "FLAMMARION" is on each glass
E. J. Meyrowitz
Price from \$5.50
ST. PAUL 300, St. Peter St. | NEW YORK 104, East 23rd St.
MINNEAPOLIS 604, Nicollet Av. | NEW YORK 125 West 42nd St.

Throat Ease and Breath Perfume.
SEN-SEN MARK.
TRADE
5¢

A GOOD action does not make a sinner into a saint any more than a leap into the air makes a fish into a bird.—*Ram's Horn.*

MISS NEWRICH.—I know nothing about the world.
Mrs. CHAPERON.—That is immaterial. Does the world know anything about you?
—*Indianapolis News.*

CANDY
Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

van Houten's Cocoa

combines Strength, Purity and Solubility. A breakfast-cupful of this delicious Cocoa costs less than one cent.
Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

POOR STUFF.

DE READER.—Is Scribbler a great poet?

DE BOOKER.—I guess not. He had an ode accepted by a celebration committee.—*New York Weekly*.

In order to make the cook-book more attractive for women it should be entitled, "The Inner Life." — *Atchison Globe*.



EAGLE MARASCHINO CHERRIES

Careful selection of fruit and artistic packing have rendered them superior to all. Their pure fruit taste appeals to everyone.

THEY OWN THE MARKET

Delicious in Ices, Sherbets, and essential in Cocktails. Invariably fresh. Patent glass closure. No metal to taint the contents.

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946-968 East Front Street, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

White Rock LITHIA WATER

WAS AWARDED ONLY GOLD MEDAL OVER ALL COMPETITORS AT PARIS EXPOSITION.



Keiser-Barathea Cravats

Appeal to the Pocket of a man because they wear well—Appeal to his Taste because they are the most elegant and refined Scarves and Ties made.

Ask your Haberdasher and note label.

A model brewery, with every sanitary feature that science or experience has devised, has brought world-wide fame to

Ballantine Brew

Three Rings Are the Badge of Genuineness

India Pale Ale, XXX Canada Malt Ale, Old Burton Ale, Porter, Brown Stout, Half and Half. On Draught or in Bottles.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J. 134 Cedar St., cor. Washington, New York.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend.

lasts. It will shines on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



MIght BE INCLUDED.

HER HUSBAND.—Don't you think Mrs. Brown is in the neighborhood of thirty? SHE.—Oh, perhaps! It is a thickly-inhabited neighborhood.

Sailing under false colors are all cheap and poisonous domestic substitutes of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the great South American tonic.

THERE IS no one so worthless that he does not find some one to pity.—*Wash. Democrat*.

Williams' Shaving Soap

FAMOUS FOR ITS LATHER

The Only Kind that Won't Dry on the Face

SOAPs that dry on the face are not properly prepared, and cause smarting, itching and dangerous irritations.

Williams' Soaps are prepared by the only firm in the world making an exclusive specialty of shaving soaps, and represent the skill and experience of over 60 years devoted to the difficult problem of making a perfect soap for shaving.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you. Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c. Yankee Shaving Soap (Round or square Tablet), 10c. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c. Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c. Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial Tablet for 2c. Stamp.

London Paris THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn. Dresden Sydney



For Duplicate Whist use Paine's, Kalamazoo, or U. S. Trays.



OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO. Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

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CENTER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE ONLY SUBSTITUTE

for the Bread-Winner is Life Insurance
—which guarantees the Continuance of
your Income to your family. Act at once
—Secure a policy NOW in

The Prudential

before advanced age increases its cost

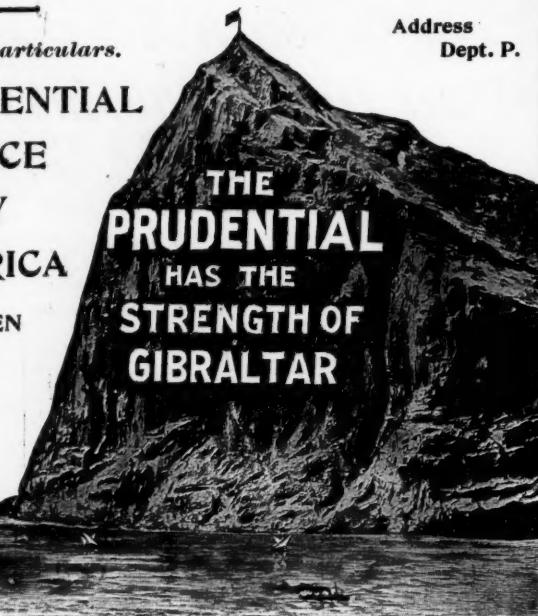
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INSURANCE
COMPANY
OF AMERICA**

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HOME OFFICE:
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BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator.

We take our hat off to the architect that managed to build \$3,000,000 worth of state house in Rhode Island.—*Washington Post*.

CHEW
Beeman's
The
Original
Pepsin
Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

Arnold
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Lyons Silks.

RECENT IMPORTATIONS.
Rich Gold and Silver Effects.

Taffetas, Louisines, Brocades.

Printed Satins.

White Brocades, Silks and Satins
for Wedding Gowns.

Novelties for Bridesmaids' Dresses.

Crêpes, Grenadines, Gazes.

Foulards, India Silks, Pongees.

Velvets.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK



THE church that is forever figuring how to raise money will not cut much figure in raising the world.—*Ram's Horn*.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

**FISCHER
PIANOS.**
"The embodiment of tone and art."
33 UNION SQUARE—WEST.
Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.

ONE way to keep your friends is to buy what they have for sale; but don't try to sell them anything.—*Atchison Globe*.

**Keeley
Cure**

**Alcohol, Opium,
Drug Using.**

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Come and take at my table a seat,
(Tho' granting the times may be bad,)
Now and then a good dinner I get,
And my share of good Trimble I've had."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.



ACCOUNTED FOR.

JUDGE.—Could n't you have arrested this man without clubbing him?
OFFICER.—Well, yis; but Oi kud n't hov clubbed him without arresting him!

THIS LABEL
IS SEWN ON
THE FINEST
READY-TO-WEAR
CLOTHES.

The Front Block C
Wholesale Tailor
REGD TRADE MARK

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
CAN ONLY BE MATCHED IN QUALITY OF FABRICS, TAILORING,
STYLE AND FIT BY THE HIGHEST CLASS MERCHANT-TAILORS.

EXAMINE THEM AND SEE.

STEIN-BLOCH Suits. \$15. to 30. Write for Brochure No. 7.
STEIN-BLOCH Top Coats. \$15. to 35. What Men of Fashion Will Wear
Spring and Summer 1901.

SOLD BY THE BEST STORES EVERYWHERE.

LOOK FOR IT
IN THE CLOTHES
THAT
YOU
BUY.

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
ROCHESTER,
N. Y.

MR. TILLMAN says nobody knows where the Democratic party will stand in 1904. Does anybody know that it will be able to stand by that time?—*Washington Post*.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.
All kinds of paper made to order.



COLUMBIA

Bevel-Gear CHAINLESS

which calls for the least amount of hard work in its propulsion, the least amount of care in its maintenance. For purposes of necessary use its advantages are equally manifest. New Models, \$75.

COLUMBIA CHAIN WHEELS for 1901

are lighter, handsomer and more efficient than ever before. New Models, \$50.

Columbia Cushion Frame, \$5 extra. Columbia Tire or Hub Coaster Brake, \$5 extra.

Every bicycle rider should have our artistic 1901 Catalogue. Free of dealers or by mail for 2-cent stamp.

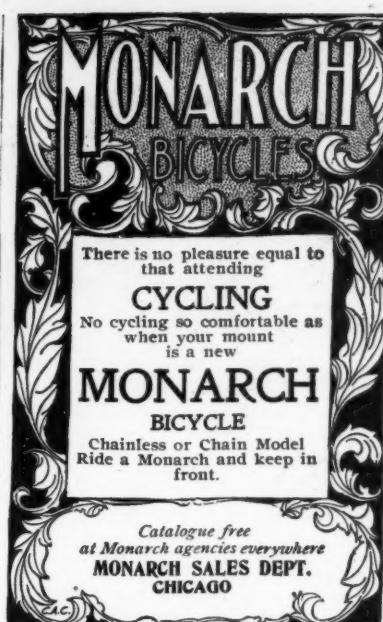
**COLUMBIA SALES DEPARTMENT,
HARTFORD, CONN.**

HER CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"Yes; she would n't speak to the editor when she met him."

"Had he offended her?"

"I should say he had! His society reporter called her one of the past century's buds."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



ONE ENOUGH.

FRIEND.—Got a lawyer?
PRISONER.—One.

FRIEND.—Why don't yer git two?
PRISONER.—I ain't guilty 'nough fer that.—*New York Weekly*.

By riding to and from their work through a tunnel the New York people will be able to avoid some of the bad architecture of that town.—*Washington Post*.

HIS IDEA PRECISELY.

"What we want to do," said the worried man, "is to take money out of politics."

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I have done my best in that direction. I have taken four or five hundred thousand dollars out of it up to the present time."—*Washington Star*.

IT is foolish to worry. The future is so full of uncertainties that it is hard to pick out the right thing to worry about.—*Indianapolis News*.



A fine day, a good road and a HARTFORD BICYCLE will always demonstrate the pleasure and healthfulness of wheeling. Hartford have steadily increased in popularity for twelve years. New models, \$35.

VEDETTE BICYCLES are for those who want low-priced mounts that are light-running, strong, durable and reliably guaranteed. New models, \$25.

Tire or Hub Coaster Brake, \$5 extra. Send for catalogue.

**COLUMBIA SALES DEPARTMENT,
HARTFORD, CONN.**

Tones, Strengthens, Invigorates

is what

10 Year Old

Hunter Baltimore Rye

does for those who are weary and brain fatigued, as it is

The Purest Type of the Purest Stimulant

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers. W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

COMMENTING on the statement that a certain author received one hundred dollars for a sonnet, an Arkansas editor exclaims: "Why, we'd work a whole month for that money!" Well, maybe the author did?—*Atlanta Constitution*.

FEATHERSTONE BICYCLES

TRUE AS STEEL AND STILLY CAN MAKE THEM.
OUR 600-PAGE CATALOGUE MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.
IT DESCRIBES FULLY "THE NEW CENTURY CANARY."

FEATHERSTONE SALES DEPARTMENT
EASTERN BRANCH CHICAGO, PACIFIC COASTAL
SALES, SAN FRANCISCO.

© INNERS CHICAGO.

Rambler
BICYCLES
"22 Year Old Favorite"

will take you out to nature and as surely bring you safely back

IN COMFORT
because good old RAMBLERS are built that way.

Get the Rambler Booklet telling all about the new

RAMBLER CHAINLESS
Rambler Agencies Everywhere

RAMBLER SALES DEPARTMENT
Chicago.

WHEN a wife says that all men are alike it indicates that she once thought that she was marrying the exception.—*Atchison Globe*.



CLEVELAND BICYCLES

represent the highest type of bicycles. Our catalog details are interesting reading—free at Cleveland agencies or by mail.

CLEVELAND SALES DEPT.
WESTFIELD, MASS.
Western Branch:
Blackhawk St. and Cherry Ave., Chicago.



1901 Spalding Bicycles

**Spalding Bevel-Gear Chainless.
(Center Drive).**

A strongly individualized bicycle of the highest type of bevel-gear construction. The central location of the main gear minimizes all tendency of the frame to twist under riding strains and imparts a peculiarly well-balanced and distinctive appearance to the machine. New Models \$75.

The new SPALDING CHAIN MODELS retain every distinctive Spalding feature but embody many changes in keeping with the advance of cycle manufacture during the last year. Price \$60.

No better bicycles can be offered for their price than the 1901 NYACKS. They are light, easy running, strong, handsome, and of marked excellence in construction and finish. Price \$25.

We equip any Spalding or Nyack bicycle with our Tire or Hub Coaster Brake. Price \$5.

**COLUMBIA SALES DEPARTMENT,
HARTFORD, CONN.**



"SPEAKIN' PIECES."

You bet my face gets thor'ly washed that day fer good
an' all,

And Ma gets out my other coat and brushes out the creases,
As fer my usual shirt an' tie, they would n't do at all,

Fer when a-Friday comes around, at our school they

I have my hair brushed to kill ; Sue braids her's over

night ; the last nigh hollers,

So Friday, when she lets it out, it goes all crimp an'

wavy.

At breakfast time I think my piece, to see if I got it right;

And "Give me liberty or death !" I said onct, instead of

"gravy."

Pa almost died a-laughin' ; but Ma fixed her face. Said

she :

"I like to see a boy jest onct with powers o' con-

tration ;

It shows he has a serious mind and takes more after me ;

Yer Pa's folks' minds is always light an' wanderin'

through creation."

An' then at school we have to wait till afternoon, you

see,

An' then it's time. Some Parents come and sit beside

the teacher ;

They look upon their child with pride and great solemnity,

And "Cas'blanca" is then announced by little Johnny

Beecher.

An' then a Parent says : "That lad's an honor to the
school."

"Wreck of the He'prus," it comes next, an' "we are
Seven," hollers.

Sue, she says that, but twists her feet, — which is against

the rule, —

An' hangs her head, 'most whispers first, an' towards

the last nigh hollers,

A Parent pats her head, though, and kindly asks her

name.

"What a thoughtful brow !" the Parent says : "her voice

has such expression !"

And after her comes "William Tell," an' teacher says

the same,

That "oratory re'y or ter be Jim Smith's perfeccion!"

Then one an' all gets up an' speaks an' bows an' takes

their seat.

"Remember the Maine" is sweetly sung by Squire

Brown's two nieces.

Then teacher coughs an' smooths her skirt, er-rising to her

feet ;

"This is a day of pride," says she, "a-Friday speaking

pieces,

An', children, dear, I see in you on this — hem ! — great

occasion,

The future Pillows of the State, our grand an' glorious

Nation !"

